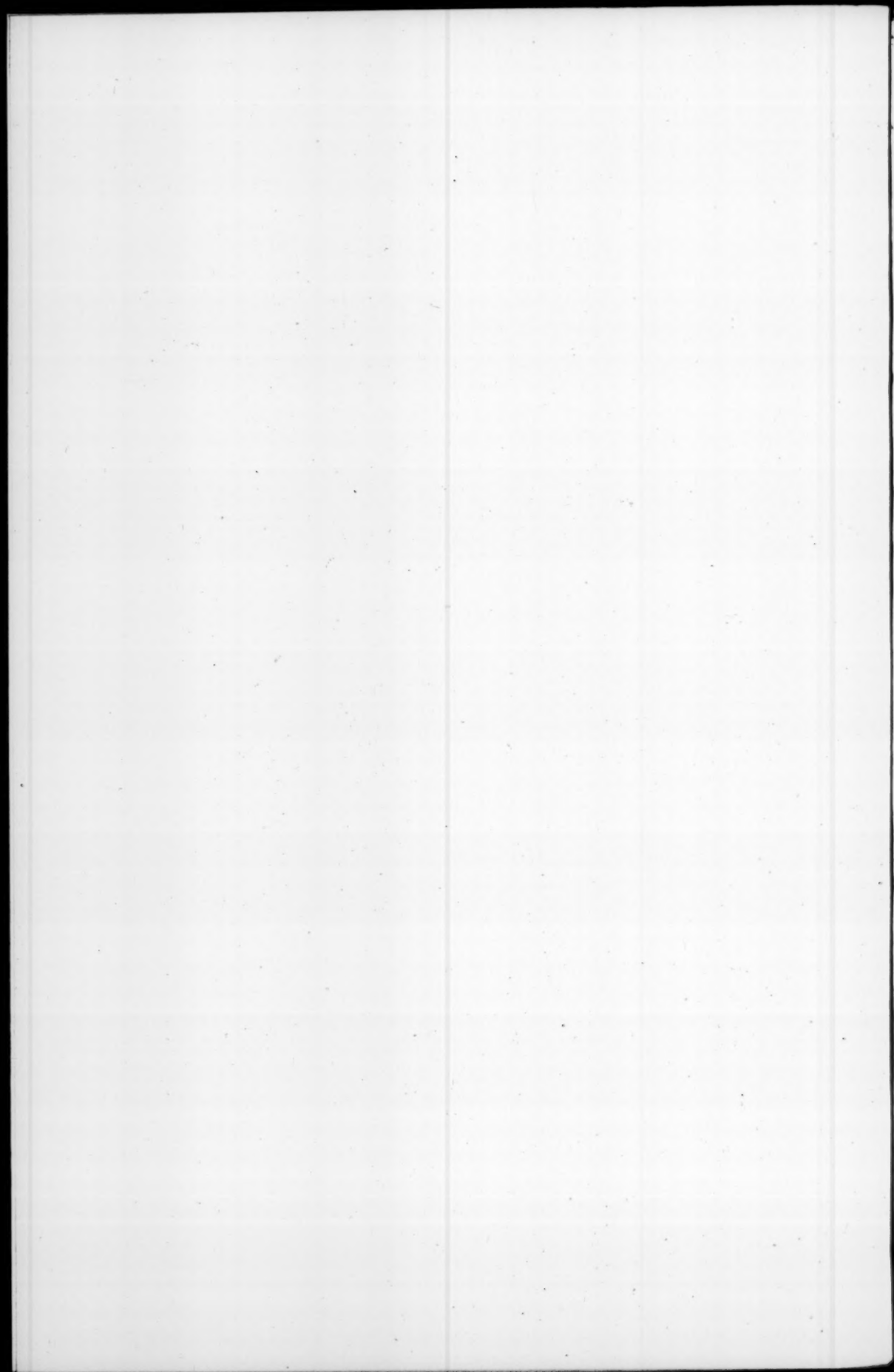

THE
QUAKERS ELEGY
ON THE
DEATH
OF
CHARLES
LATE
King of England.

WRITTEN

By W.P. a sincere Lover of CHARLES and JAMES.

What wondrous Change in Waking do I find !
 For a strange Something do's my Sense unbind;
 Truth has possess'd my Darken'd Soul all o're
 With an unusual Light not known before,
 And doth inform me, that some Star is gone
 From whose kind influence we had Life alone;
 No sooner had this Stranger seiz'd my Soul,
 But Rachel knockt, to raise me from my Bed,
 And with a Voice of Sorrow did condole
 The loss of CHARLES, whom she declar'd was Dead.
 A CHARLES



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CHARLES dost thou mean, we *King of England* call,
 That Liv'd within the Mansion nam'd *White-hall*?
Yea—'Tis too true—Confusion's in the street,
Distraction in the face of all we meet;
As if the Chain of Causes now did break,
And we' all saw the Dreadfull Day of Doom;
No Tongue, but Faces, Eyes, and Actions speak;
They walk like Men just risen from a Tomb.
 With that my Garments I in haste put on,
 And in the Spirit utter'd many a Groan.
 Whilst I in this disorder'd Gesture move,
 Some Friends of mine, that *CHARLES* did always Love,
 With Zealous hast Approacht me, full of Tears,
 Unmanly Actions caus'd from jealous Fears.
 The City-Wives the Book of *Martyrs* Read,
 And with those Thoughts their *Easie Husbands* Lead;
 They talk of *Christians* Spitchcockt, Roasted, Broil'd,
 Of *Martyr'd* Consciences in *Smithfield* Fire,
 With newfound Deaths their Thoughts are Toyl'd,
 Their's nought but *Treason* do's their Hearts Inspire.
 But we do that opinion *Disallow*,
 And for the future will to *CÆSAR* bow.
 Entering dispute, precisely we run o're
 The *Signal* Graces He to us had shown,
 (For we Dissented on a *Different* Score,
 Though we withdrew, we ne're oppos'd the Crown)
 By oft forgiving, Woing us to be,
 By *His Example*, joyn'd in Harmony
 With *Englands* Church, and *Truths* Integrity: }
 Though finding us a stiff, Misguided Crew,
 Yet daily still His Love he did renew,
 And moderates the Rigour of the Law,
 Which our *selfwill* doth hourly on us Draw;

And

And doth consent the *Pensylvanian* Shore
 We may possess, and tempt his Laws no more.
 As *Saul* among the *Prophets*, here *CHARLES* stood,
 But greater far, being exquisitely Good :
 Anointed both, yet *CHARLES* the Lawrel got,
 He *Moses's* Meekness had, *Saul* had it not :
Saul as a scourge was to his people giv'n,
CHARLES as a *Guardian Angel* sent from Heav'n.
 For us to speak thy Praise, or shew thy worth,
 Which is above the reach of Flattery,
 Is much too hard for a weak *Holderforth* :
 None but thy Brother e're could equal thee.
 We never knew, whilst we the *Wealth* Injoy'd,
 The *Value* of our all-forgiving Prince,
 Untill the Tyrant *Death* our hopes Destroy'd,
 To place him on a Throne, far, far, from hence,
 In the Immortal Mansion of the Sun,
 Where he receives a never-fading Crown ;
 And left his Earthly to a Prince, whose *Fame*
 The World shall fear, and tremble at his Name ;
 The Second of *AMES* his Brother, and his Friend ;
 Though *Faction's* Crouds did for his Right contend
 To hang it o're a *Disobedient Head*,
 Whom with a Crown these Tantalize a while,
 As *Richard* they, when *Oliver* was Dead,
 Proclaim the Man, but at the *Bubble* simile.
 We take not *Absalom's*, but *David's* part ;
 Nor no *Achitophell*, with his false Art,
 Nay, joyn'd with *Zimries* ~~Poyson~~, ever shall
 Like the *Disloyal Corah* make us fall.
 Had we but *Lordships* in a fertile Plain,
 To inable us in Parliament to set,
 Our Native true Obedience we'd regain,
 By *Loyal Votes* that want *Example* yet.

In *Wisdom, Valour, Conduct, High Renown,*
 Thou all thy *Ancestors* that wore this Crown,
 Exceed'st, in ev'ry Excellence as far
 As *Mid-day Sun* out-shines a *Mid-night Star*;
 To those we no *Addition* e're cou'd give,

But we such heaps of *Treasure* would bestow,
 That *Thou* to so much *Splendour* should'st arrive,
 As *Times Record*, to *Mortals* cannot show.

Accept, O *Mighty J A M E S*, our *Pray'rs* the while;
 May *Years of Peace and Plenty* on Thee smile;
 May *Fortune* always wait Thee with *Success*,
 And *Loyal Subjects* numberless increase;

May many *Sons* Thy *Royal CONSORT* bear,
 Endow'd with *Both Your Princely Virtues* here,
 And *Heirs* to *Glory* when You change Your *Sphere*;
 And may this *Crown* still flourish in *Thy Name*,

Till *Time* shall cease, and all the *World* expire,
 May all Thy *Foes* become ignobly tame.

But may'st *Thou* always have thy *Princely hearts* desire.
 Pardon us *J A M E S*, who must to Thee declare,
 Twas *Loyal Zeal* made us presume thus far,
 We ne're were *Poets* upon *Oliver*.

FINIS.

L O N D O N,

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